TMNT: Underfell

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TMNT: Underfell

by Neilray

Summary

Set in the Farmhouse arc, Leo is still in a coma. To kill boredom Raph ventures deeper into the forest and comes across a mountain and a cave.

Notes

Hope i won't drop this peak crossover... Anyway enjoy!

Chapter 1

Long ago, two races ruled over Earth: ***HUMANS*** *and* ***MONSTERS****. One day, war broke out between the two races. After a long battle, the humans were victorious. They sealed the monsters underground with a magic spell.*

Many years later…

MT. EBOTT

201X

Legends say that those who climb the mountain never return...

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Raph suddenly bolted awake in a state of sheer panic, sweat pouring off him incessantly. He sat up, rubbing his head, when a sudden memory jolted him. He frantically checked his body; seeing he was uninjured after that fall, Raph let out a heavy sigh of relief. Was it because of these yellow flowers? Whatever—Raph didn't know what kind of flowers they were, but they were the only reason he had survived that lethal drop. He scanned his surroundings before looking up at the single beam of light shining down on his position. Under normal circumstances, Raph could have climbed out and escaped easily, but there was one problem… he hadn't brought a single damn thing that could help him in this situation, save for a pair of Sai tucked away for self-defense.

The more he thought about it, the more frustrated he became. Raph threw himself back onto the bed of beautiful yellow petals and screamed into his hands to vent his rage. He never expected that a simple stroll through the woods to kill some boredom would end with him trapped in a strange place like this. Furthermore, Leo was still in a coma. Wouldn't his sudden disappearance just pile more weight onto the shoulders of Mikey, Donnie, Casey, and April…?

...Raph quickly brushed aside the messy thoughts. He sat up, grabbed his weapons, tucked them back into his belt, took a deep breath, and stood up. No, he didn't have time to sit around brooding over his bad luck. He had to find a way out of here and get back to his family.

His footsteps were a bit shaky—which made sense, considering he'd just fallen from a massive height—and even if that flower bed had cushioned him, it couldn't take away all the shock. He was lucky to be alive. But it was bizarre… why were there flowers down here? And this path… had Raph actually died?! No, this wasn't a dream.

His attention was drawn to a gateway. Judging by the intricate patterns and the vines winding around it, this place must have existed for a very, very long time. If Donnie were here, he'd probably be jumping for joy over this stuff. Raph cautiously peered past the gate… A flower? Alright, time to move, no danger. But as Raph approached, the *flower* suddenly moved and spoke:

"A new… *Human*?"

The flower's face displayed a mix of surprise and utter confusion.

Raph immediately recoiled in shock. Who would have expected a flower to talk? Unless it had been exposed to Mutagen, Raph wouldn't have believed it—but what the hell was going on here? Was this flower some kind of mutant? No, that didn't feel right at all.

Raph and the flower simply stared at each other.

Silence. Neither said a word.

Shock, disbelief, and confusion were written clearly across both of their faces.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

My poor boy still don't allow to swear heh

Two pairs of eyes locked onto each other. The atmosphere was so still that the sound of their breathing felt audible in the heavy silence.

"This is so weird."

The flower was the first to speak, breaking the minutes of silence. Raph remained quiet, hands resting on his hips, carefully observing the strange talking plant. Enemy? Ally? It was too early to tell. Besides, this thing seemed to have knowledge of this place... hadn't it just mentioned humans? If so, then before Raph fell down here, others must have fallen too! And if that were true, there might still be a way out! *Alright, Raph, stay sharp,* he thought. *This is your chance. If I can squeeze more info out of him... don't rush it.*

What's going on? This place should only have humans falling down... Flowey was genuinely puzzled; this went against everything he knew. Hadn't the humans on the surface driven all monsters into the Underground? How could a monster still appear this way? Flowey remained lost in thought until a spark of an idea flickered.

Flowey looked at the *human.*

Raph felt an involuntary shiver. Does this flower want to fight?! Hah! A flower wants to pick a fight with Raph!

"My friend! Don't panic, it's just a little thing I want to check."

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"A human soul..."

Once again, shock followed shock.

"You are neither human nor monster… *what are you?*"

Flowey's eyes widened. A *human soul*... inside a ***monster's body***. The thoughts that had been circling his mind finally poured out. Flowey couldn't believe his eyes; he grew tense, his words tumbling out in a frantic stream.

"Is it possible some monsters were left behind on the surface? No, impossible, the **humans** made sure everyone was sealed down here. You have the soul of a human but the form of a monster. What are you? What is your purpose!? Could it be....."

Meanwhile, Raph wasn't doing much better. *Uhh, what the shell is actually happening right now? And did my heart just fly out of my chest!? No, wait... it's supposed to be red, right? Then why is the heart in front of me orange...Damn it! What did I get myself into again!? Leo is still in a coma! I should think of a way out as fast as possible… Come on Raph, you can do it—just... Come on, Raph, you've been through worse before.*

Raph tried to think, but the flower wouldn't stop talking. It was talkative, loud, and incredibly annoying.

Ugh—this crazy flower talks so much I can't even think. Is this how Donnie and Leo feel? I need silence… just a little bit of silence from that flower…

Raph brought his teeth together, veins beginning to pop on his forehead. That crazy flower had pushed him to his limit, and then...

ACT

*You told the flower to shut up

Flowey fell silent, his face looking a bit flustered.

"Ah—I—I think I said too much, sorry! But this is the first time I've seen such a case! Hope you don't mind."

My voice...?

Raph stood there, completely stunned. *Wait, his voice...? Huh?*

Then, the flower cleared its throat.

"It's rude not to introduce myself! I'm Flowey the Flower. What should I call you, my friend?"

***You said your name is Raph**

Flowey flashed a friendly smile before diving into the ground.

"Nice to meet you, Raph! From now on, I'll be your companion! Meet me behind the large gate in front of you; I'll be waiting there."

Raph watched the flower disappear into the earth. He looked up at the gate ahead, then glanced back behind him. He had never wanted to find a way to climb back up more than he did now, but he was already stuck in this mess—might as well see it through. Raph sighed again and began to walk.

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"Welcome to the Ruins! There will be many dangers ahead, but don't worry! Your best friend is here! But before you start, go to that star!"

As soon as Raph stepped through the gate, a new area appeared—a place that felt truly like ancient ruins, with moss covering the walls... *Hmm.* Raph never thought the day would come when Mikey's rambling about his comic books would actually come true. Flowey was true to his word, waiting for Raph to continue the journey. And the star? Raph scanned the room once more, his eyes landing on a brilliant, glowing star.

Raph watched the star for a moment, walked over, and tentatively reached out to touch it.

Even though you are tired of what is happening, it does not stop you from being full of bravery.

Raph

Bravery

LV 5

Chapter 3

Even though you are tired of what is happening, it does not stop you from being full of bravery.

Raph

Bravery

Lv.5

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Raph scratched his head; after touching that brilliant star, he suddenly felt an unexpected surge of energy. He felt stronger than ever—strong enough to give Mikey a painful smack on the head if the younger turtle dared to push his buttons until he exploded. Heh... a faint smile played on his lips; despite everything, Raph was already starting to miss the noise of his youngest brother.

"The Ruins is a place that has a different type of puzzle in each room.”

Flowey’s voice seemed to snap Raph back to reality. He looked up to observe his surroundings and caught sight of Flowey standing before a gateway, a lever, a sign bolted to the wall, and six pedestals on the ground. Raph blinked repeatedly. Puzzles? Oh no, please let it not be the kind where the difficulty spikes after every completion. There were more than a few times Raph had to rely on Donnie to solve such things.

Noticing the slight change in Raph's expression, Flowey spoke up cheerfully

“There will still be more puzzles waiting for you. This is the first puzzle you'll encounter, and it will help you gradually get used to how this place works.”

Raph just crossed his arms and hummed in response.

“Here, let me help you. Follow these friendly seeds and press that button down when you're done. I'll wait behind this door.”

With that, Flowey dove back into the ground and vanished, leaving Raph alone in the room. He walked over to the metal sign on the wall that had been catching his eye.

***Only the fearless may proceed.**

***Brave ones, foolish ones.**

***Both walk not the middle road.**

Not the middle?-- Raph muttered, turning to look at the cluster of friendly seeds. Ohhhhhh— Raph caught on to the intent behind the puzzle: the details on the floor, the seeds, and that metal sign! Everything was connected. Raph solved the puzzle quickly. As the wall switch was flipped, the heavy stone door slowly creaked open, and Raph continued his journey.

Unsurprisingly, Flowey was already standing there waiting to guide him.

"Congratulations! Now, on to the next puzzle. Each room has a hint, so don't worry. Challenge yourself with this room; I'll wait at the end of the room.”

Flowey dove into the earth once more. Raph let out an annoyed sigh, wondering just how many puzzles were going to pester him. He decided to just get through them quickly to keep moving.

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Raph secretly guessed that the leaves appearing under the switches—making the spikes on the bridge retractable—were all Flowey's doing... He wondered what would happen if he didn't follow the instructions exactly.

"Ah, Raph-... where are you going…?"

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"In addition to puzzles, you will also encounter monsters along the way! In this world, it's kill or be killed, so you have to be strong. Nothing beats practice, so you can practice with me right here."

Kill or... be killed? Raph frowned slightly. Violence and being violated? Was that how this place operated? Raph had to admit one thing: he loved a good scrap. He enjoyed the thrill of patrolling with Casey and taking down criminals on the streets, but here... kill or be killed? Surely there had to be another way, right? So far, he had only met Flowey. What about the other monsters? Would they treat Raph just like Flowey did, or would Raph be forced to kill them?

"Let's begin, Raph."

Raph needed time to think, not a fight right this second.

[ACT]

***It seems your sharp glare has scared Flowey.**

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Upon entering the next room, Raph suddenly encountered a monster.

***Raph thought it was scary.**

...Well, maybe Raph's expectations had been a bit too high.

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***Another puzzle.**

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***A puzzle…**

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***Ah, a ghost.**

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***Oh my god, spiders... wait, they're selling stuff?**

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After hours of trekking and wrestling with the monsters of this place, he finally spotted Flowey waiting for him before a new room. Please, don't make Raph solve any more puzzles; he was genuinely exhausted. The monsters weren't a problem compared to his strength, but the sheer frequency of these encounters was pushing his fatigue to a breaking point. However, Raph noticed something: the monsters seemed startled, even shocked, when Raph offered a gesture of friendship after winning a fight. Perhaps... just perhaps, there was still a chance. He didn't want to admit it, but he saw a bit of himself in them. He saw the way they attacked with fierce, angry aggression, only to become utterly confused by an act of mercy.

“Raph! You finally got here and you look… not so good. But listen, I can't help you on the road ahead. Everything will be up to you. If you succeed, I will wait for you. Good luck.”

Before Raph could even react, Flowey vanished into the ground again. Raph stared at the path leading to the new room; no matter what happened, his anxiety made him swallow hard. If you succeed… What if he didn't? Would Raph have to die here all alone while his family never knew what happened to him?

With hands trembling slightly, Raph drew his Sai from his belt and moved forward.

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WHOOSH—WHOOSH

Bright red fireballs were hurled right in front of Raph's feet like a warning.

“YOU AGAIN?!”

Raph immediately raised his weapons, dropping into a combat stance.

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"IF YOU PEOPLE DARE TO SET FOOT HERE EVER AGAIN, I WON'T HESITATE TO BURN YOU ALIVE-..."

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Raph swallowed hard again. He was ready.

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Toriel stood frozen. Her hands slowly lowered, and the flames dancing in her palms flickered out. Why couldn't she strike? What made her hesitate so much? Furthermore, she had never seen a monster like this before. Judging by the stature, Toriel realized... *this is a child.*

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The moment Toriel realized it—it was a child, it was truly a child! How could she have been so careless as to almost harm them? Yet, in all her years spent here, she had never seen a monster like this child before. Could they have fallen from above? It seemed impossible.

…

Regardless, she felt this child had not yet been tainted by the inhuman cruelty of this world. She had to protect them; she had to keep them away from the filth of the world outside. She would never let a child be taken from her arms again—never.

Toriel took a deep breath, forcing a gentle, motherly smile that she hadn't felt in a long time, all for the sake of this child. She carefully approached Raph, maintaining a respectful distance, and knelt on one knee.

"Forgive my actions just now; I did not mean to harm you."

Raph remained cautious, not yet lowering his weapon. Toriel watched him for a long moment before speaking again.

"I am Toriel, the caretaker of these Ruins... or at least, I used to be. I haven't been out in a very long time."

Raph scanned the goat-like monster. She had long, drooping ears, small horns, and two visible fangs. She wore a tattered, scorched black-and-white robe with a strange symbol on the chest—one Raph had noticed several times along the way.

"It was irresponsible to try to surprise you like this… Come, small one! You must be exhausted after such a long journey, aren't you? My home is just ahead."

Toriel smiled, stood up, and began walking toward her house in the back.

"You will need a place to rest, something to eat, or even a new set of clothes. I hope I still have some old garments that I can adjust to fit your size."

Watching her retreating back, Raph finally lowered his weapon and tucked it back into his belt. Once again, he wondered if he should trust this person named Toriel—who had nearly roasted him—and clothes for him? He wasn't sure; he was used to moving around in his current state. He rested a hand on his hip and sighed. *Fuck it, we ball.* Besides, he really needed to rest right now.

As Raph walked past a withered tree in the center of the room, the house Toriel mentioned appeared before his eyes. Before stepping through the door, a glowing star appeared beside him. Though he didn't fully understand its purpose, Raph felt an irresistible urge to touch it every time he saw one.

(Seeing such a cute, tidy house in the Ruins gives you bravery.)

Raph

LV 5

Ruins - Home

File saved

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“Do you smell that?”

The moment Raph stepped inside, a delicious aroma instantly stimulated his stomach. It smelled like pie—an incredible scent, better than anything he had ever smelled before. April had brought pies down for him and his brothers many times, but they were nothing compared to this. Raph swallowed hard; he definitely needed a slice.

"Surprise! It is a butterscotch cinnamon pie!”

Toriel was waiting for him inside. Furthermore, she had changed into a fresh set of clothes to welcome him. How could she care for a child while dressed in rags?

“I thought we might celebrate your arrival. I want you to have a nice time in here. Sooo... I will hold off on snail pie for tonight?”

Wait, what? Snail pie? Why was Raph even surprised, though? Mikey often made dishes that were... well, capable of being used as secret weapons to take down the Shredder. Raph shuddered.

Toriel smiled again and signaled for Raph to follow her.

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"This is it…”

Toriel stood before Raph and carefully took his hand, leading him toward a door. Raph flinched at the sudden contact and considered pulling away, but he found he couldn't. The gesture reminded him of when he and his brothers were small, and Splinter would lead them by the hand through the sewers to scavenge for supplies... Raph looked down, glancing at Toriel as his face flushed slightly.

"A room of your own. I hope you like it, my child.”

Toriel gently released his hand and affectionately patted his head before suddenly sniffing the air.

"Is something burning…? Um, make yourself at home!” With that, she hurried away, leaving Raph alone. Raph looked around before opening the door and stepping inside.

An inviting space opened up before him. The entire room was bathed in earthy orange tones —from the walls to the lighting—creating a peaceful atmosphere like a quiet sunset. The floor was lined with long wooden planks, providing a rustic and sturdy feel. In the center lay a large rectangular rug with geometric borders, its deep orange hue standing out against the wood. Raph was genuinely overwhelmed. This room was certainly larger than his own back home, and look at the furniture! Even if it wasn't exactly his style, it surprised him because... it felt like a place that truly belonged to him.

Raph walked to the bed, which looked incredibly soft, and collapsed onto it. Fatigue began to seep into every corner of his body. This place... it was wonderful. But why had Flowey warned him with such a terrified expression? Had those who came before him met a grim fate? Toriel was truly kind; Raph could feel that while there was killing intent initially, it had been replaced by a gentleness exactly like... a mother's. As much as he wanted to stay in this wonderful place, his family was still waiting for him. Leo was still in a coma...

*** Without realizing it, he drifted off into a deep sleep, exhausted by his journey and his swirling thoughts.**

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While Raph slept soundly, Toriel quietly cracked the door open to peek inside. Seeing him asleep, she tiptoed in and placed a slice of pie on the floor, along with the clothes she had personally tailored. She let out a small chuckle at Raph's sleeping posture. Shaking her head slightly, she carefully adjusted his position and tucked him in.

Toriel gazed at Raph with a look of deep, tender longing.

“I can't even remember how long it's been… since the last time I took care of a child.”

She leaned down and placed a soft kiss on Raph's head.

“This cruel world has taken everything from me, forcing me to abandon kindness a long time ago… but perhaps, kindness has not yet left me. My child, I hope you can stay with me, so I can feel the sensation of being a mother again.”

Toriel watched Raph for a moment longer before quietly turning off the light and leaving the room.

Chapter End Notes

UGH IM GONNA CRY

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Raph need to leave

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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No.

No.

NO.

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO..!! SPLINTER, NO!

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Raph bolted upright instantly, drenched in sweat, struggling to steady himself against the nightmare that had haunted him for days, weeks, months... Raph had stood there, right alongside his brothers, but he could do nothing to save Splinter from the blades of the Tekkō-kagi...

Raph exhaled a long breath and buried his face in his hands, collapsing back onto the bed. Too much had happened; they had lost far too much. Raph didn't want to lose hope that they could take back the city, save humanity... But if Splinter was truly gone? What would they do next?

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Raph sighed, tossing and turning on the bed for a moment before finally sitting up and swinging his legs over the side. Their current situation was already dire, and now, with Raph's own state of mind—no, he couldn't let it. What good would being miserable do right now? They still needed Raph. Raph was their shield; no matter how terrifying the circumstances, he would always charge in to save them, regardless of the danger.

***Your circumstances do not make you falter; instead, you feel filled with Bravery.**

Only now did Raph realize the room was somewhat dark. Furthermore, he caught the faint, sweet scent of pie. Raph stood up and carefully followed the aroma to the center of the room. To his surprise, he found a neatly sliced piece of pie on a plate, and beside it, a set of clothes that seemed to have been tailored specifically to fit his frame. Raph carefully held them up to gauge the size before putting them on. To be honest, Raph felt a bit itchy at first when he realized it was a sweater, but he quickly found it comfortable; even the shorts fit him quite well. One surprise followed another; Raph realized Toriel had quietly come in here, carefully laid these things out for him, and even... adjusted his sleeping position.

Raph didn't know how to react. Never in his life had he been treated with such tenderness. Raph let out a small, quiet laugh.

[ITEM]

***A half-eaten slice of Butterscotch-Cinnamon Pie has been added to your inventory.**

Perhaps Raph should explore his surroundings a bit.

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***(An empty photo frame.)**

***(It's really dusty.)**

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***Look at these cool toys!**

***They don't interest you at all, but Mikey perhaps.**

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***It’s Toriel's diary.**

***Read the circled passage?**

Yes 🧡 **No**

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***It’s you!**

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Initially, when he first stepped in here, Raph felt the place was a bit dusty, but perhaps while he was asleep, Toriel had cleaned the house and prepared everything for him... But Raph needed to get back to the surface.

In the room on the left side of the house, Raph found Toriel wearing glasses, sitting in her chair reading a book by the fireplace. Raph approached her side.

“Up already, I see?”

***You tell her your name is Raph.**

Toriel smiled slightly and patted Raph’s head.

“Nice to meet you, Raph… and look at you! You look very handsome in those clothes.” Raph was wearing a long-sleeved black turtleneck sweater with a large red stripe around the midsection. He still wore his belt to carry his weapons, and Toriel didn't seem to mind. “Um, I want you to know how glad I am to have someone here after such a long time. There are so many old books I want to share.”

Raph watched as Toriel pointed to the bookshelf on the other side.

“I want to show you my favorite bug-hunting spot. I’ve also prepared a curriculum for your education!” Huh? Raph looked confused by her words.

"This may come as a surprise to you… But I have always wanted to be a teacher… actually, perhaps that isn't very surprising… STILL, I am glad to have you living here. Oh, did you want something?” Raph thought for a long time before sitting down. Perhaps it would be better to ask Toriel a bit about this place—the ancient stories, the monsters of this realm.

***You want Toriel to explain more about this world.**

For a moment, Raph saw Toriel break into a radiant smile. She even picked Raph up to let him sit in her lap. Raph felt a flash of embarrassment but was soon drawn into her story.

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…It turned out that once, the monsters Raph had seen along the way had lived in peace with humans? Only for humans to betray them, banishing them to the depths of despair. He frowned slightly, a thought stirring in his heart to find a way to help the monsters here… Raph looked up at Toriel, who was intently telling him these wonderful tales. Raph gently tugged on Toriel’s sleeve and asked:

***When can I go home?**

That immediately made Toriel go silent. There was a hint of panic in her voice. “What? This… this IS your home now. Um.. would you like to hear another story? About my book? It is called *72 Uses for Snails*! How about it?”

Sure **🧡 How to exit the Ruins**

Toriel’s panic became more and more evident. She tried every way possible to keep Raph there at all costs. No, she didn't want to lose anyone else. She. Would. Not. Lose. Her. Child.

“Um.. how about an exciting snail fact?—”

***You quickly interrupt Toriel, explaining that you aren't from here but from the world above—that you are a Mutant, not a monster.**

A long silence followed. Raph saw her face gradually darken. Toriel set Raph down from the chair and stood up. “I have to do something. Stay here, my child.” Toriel quickly moved away, clearly heading for the staircase in the middle of the house that Raph had seen earlier. Whatever it was, Raph had to follow.

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Raph quickly chased after her, running down the stairs into a long hallway. It was filled with dust, broken things, and encroaching moss; it seemed Toriel hadn't tended to this place in a long time. From a distance, Raph saw Toriel’s silhouette and caught up to her.

"You wish to know how to return home, do you not? Ahead of us lies the end of the RUINS. A one-way exit to the rest of the Underground. I am going to destroy it. No one will ever be able to leave again. Now be a good child and go upstairs.” Although Toriel’s voice was full of anger, a desperate, heartfelt plea lingered beneath it. Raph remained silent and followed.

"Every human that falls down here meets the same fate. I have seen it again and again. They come. They leave. They *die*. You naive child… if you leave the RUINS… they… ***ASGORE***… will kill you. I am only protecting you, do you understand?... go to your room.” Raph remained silent and followed.

“Do not try to stop me. This is your final warning.” Toriel’s face grew darker still, her voice now containing nothing but sheer fury. Raph continued to follow.

When they arrived, Toriel stood right before the large door. It was the exit, but… Toriel was now turning her back to Raph.

"You want to leave so badly? Hmph… After all, you are just like the others. I thought you were different, Raph. You came down from above but still choose to find a way back to that cruel world at any cost, even though you carry the form of a monster… here, I can protect you, I can shelter you."

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“... There is only one solution to this. Prove yourself… “ Toriel turned around. Finally, she revealed a face of agony—of helplessness and despair, all mingled together with the tears streaming down her face. Raph swallowed hard. He hadn't drawn his weapons yet. Raph didn't want to fight Toriel.

“PROVE TO ME YOU ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO SURVIVE!”

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Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will have a surprise....

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Attention... there will be special details, so be careful.

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Whoosh... Whoosh

Fireballs continuously streaked toward him. A barrage of flaming spheres appeared relentlessly, forcing Raph into a defensive position. He had no choice but to dodge those lethal blows while desperately trying to talk to Toriel at all costs. But how could words reach her so easily? Toriel was now consumed by the agony of losing everything; that monster, that man, had pushed her deeper and deeper into the abyss of despair. Perhaps, if she could truly show Raph the harsh cruelty of this world, then Raph—her child—would gradually abandon his thoughts of leaving and live here with her.

As for Raph? He wasn't faring much better. Just one wrong move and he would literally become a roasted turtle right then and there.

[ACT]

Talk

You don't want to fight.

"What are you doing? Attack or run away… but how can one hide when this world is truly so unjust to me?”

[MERCY]

SPARE

Once again, tears fell as the waves of fireballs became more frantic than ever. Toriel was driven to the brink of desperation, fueled by a lingering pain and a vow she had made to protect at all costs.

[MERCY]

SPARE

"Why won't you listen to me, Raph? I can provide you with everything you want… just do not leave me. But if you remain stubborn, then prove it to me. PROVE TO ME THAT YOU ARE CAPABLE OF PROTECTING YOURSELF, otherwise, it won't be long before they see your soul." Raph's heart tightened at those words, but with the fireballs and flames surrounding him, he didn't have a single second to think about what to do next. Raph didn't want to fight Toriel; there had to be another way.

[MERCY]

***Spare**

"What are you doing? Here, in this world, there is no room for mercy!" Toriel screamed, continuing to rain fireballs down on Raph without hesitation.

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But unfortunately, luck did not smile upon Raph… He was accidentally struck by one of her attacks. Raph let out a gut-wrenching scream as the agony of being burned alive seeped into every fiber of his being, into every cell.

Toriel laughed maniacally, but at the same time, she collapsed from the excruciating pain stabbing deeper into her soul.

"I am sorry… I am so sorry… please forgive me."

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Raph

LV5

Bravery

File Saved

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Raph’s eyes snapped open in horror. He immediately began checking his body. The sensation of pain—the feeling of a thousand needles piercing his flesh—was still there. He panted heavily, his eyes wide with shock at what had transpired just seconds ago. Raph had never felt this terrified; he slumped to the ground. So this was… what Flowey had warned him about? If he didn't succeed, would he be trapped down here forever? Damn it, damn it all! Raph punched the rocky ground hard. The pain signals shot to his brain, but Raph ignored them, continuing to strike until the ground cracked. Only then did he begin to calm down.

Exhausted, Raph looked over at the glowing star. That star… let's see… it was like a checkpoint in the games he and Mikey used to play together… that’s it! He wiped the sweat from his face and stood up. If that logic held true, the last time he touched that star was before entering Toriel's house. Raph still had a chance to try again!

Raph felt a surge of joy, followed by hesitation at the thought of facing Toriel once more… fuck it, we ball again. If this world wanted him to fight, Raph wouldn't hold back anymore. But first… he had to go through everything he had already done.

Though death threatened you, it only makes you feel braver.

.

.

Once again, you go through what you have experienced, and this time, you cannot afford to make a mistake.

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Now, once more, Raph stood before Toriel, facing the flames of angry sorrow that continuously appeared around him. Raph frowned; despite being prepared, he still couldn't escape the intense discomfort from the heat of the spheres.

[MERCY]

"No, what are you doing?"

.

[MERCY]

"There is no room for mercy here… I beg of you."

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[MERCY]

"Y-you will die, please I beg of you… I BEG—"

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Toriel was so stunned her jaw dropped. The flames in her hands gradually flickered out. Her hands trembled in mid-air as Raph lunged forward to hug her. She bit her lip, trying to hold back the tears that were about to fall again. When she saw Raph rushing toward her, Toriel had prepared herself for death… but… but….

Once again, Toriel burst into tears, collapsing as she pulled Raph into her embrace. "Oh Raph, my poor child. I shouldn't have done that, but I had to. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, so very sorry.” Raph remained silent, gently patting Toriel's back as a gesture of comfort.

You tell her that you don't blame her.

Raph allowed Toriel to hold him for a long time before the hug ended with a pat on his head. She placed her hands on Raph's shoulders, took a deep breath, and looked at him.

“Raph, my child, listen carefully… The journey ahead will be full of hardships and dangers, but I believe you can make it. After all, you are a very special case. This place has long lost its inherent compassion. Once they see you, once they see your soul, they will not show any mercy.” Toriel hugged Raph one last time before handing him a rather old-looking phone. “...Remember to call me, alright? I've put my number in here.”

Raph looked at Toriel, smiled, and nodded. Toriel watched Raph for a final moment before bracing her hands on her knees to stand up, stepping aside so Raph could face the world outside. He stood before the door, took a deep breath, and exhaled. But just as he was about to open the door, Toriel spoke up again.

"W-wait, could I… tie a bow with the tails of your mask? I understand if you don't—"

You hesitate for a moment, but you agree.

Toriel herself was quite surprised, but she quickly set to work so as not to waste Raph's time, tying a bow with the tails of his red mask. Once finished, though Raph was a bit awkward, he still waved goodbye to Toriel. She watched his silhouette depart.

"... Good luck.”

.

.

.

Flowey was pacing restlessly, anxious about Raph's fate. Flowey felt he should have been more helpful instead of just giving advice before the meeting with Toriel. Oh, how stupid! Flowey should have done something more useful instead of being a coward here.

!!

Flowey was startled when a hand suddenly yanked him from the ground so violently that his roots almost snapped.

"PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE DON'T— Raph..? …RAPH! YOU'RE ALIVE!" When Flowey opened his eyes, he immediately saw his friend standing there, completely intact!

"I'm so glad you're alive, and you finally have something to wear! But… why are you doing that?" Flowey's face went blank with confusion as Raph rolled his eyes, thinking of a way to both mess with Flowey and try something out.

***You tell Flowey to wrap his roots around you so you can easily carry him along**.*

Flowey thought about it, looked at Raph for a moment, and then tried to do as he was told. It was a bit difficult at first, but he soon managed to wrap his roots around Raph and poked his head out through the collar of Raph's sweater. "Done!" And just like that, Raph had a traveling companion! A perfect decoy if anything were to happen.

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What the hell is this? Why is there snow now!? Raph hugged himself, shivering uncontrollably. He looked down at the ground, wondering why there was snow here and if it was even real. God, it's freezing. Flowey, hiding inside the collar, was constantly worried about Raph.

After Raph had been walking for a while, there was a sudden sound of a branch snapping behind him. Instinctively, he whipped his head around, but there was no one in sight. Raph frowned and kept moving, but he soon realized he was being followed. As he walked, the crunching sounds of dry branches continued until Raph stood before a bridge leading to the other side.

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'T u r t l e . . . Don't you know how to greet a new pal?'

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> To be fair.... English Is not my language so i can't make pun🥹 so instead of that... Fell!Sans will ragebait now because i say so and suit him. Sans and Papyrus have a very good relationship, although they still clash sometimes.
>
> Sorry for this chapter is kind of short but enjoy!

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“Turn around and shake m-”

!!

Raph didn't even let the guy finish his sentence. He whipped around and instantly planted a hard punch right into the stranger's left cheek. Raph didn't know what kind of monster this guy was, but punching that cheek really hurt his hand.

The guy who just got punched was caught a bit off guard, taking the full force of the blow. He spat out a glob of saliva. "You got a good punch there, kid. Impressive."

In an instant, Raph saw his soul appear—the very thing Toriel had explained to him before. It turned from orange to blue, lifting him into the air before slamming him hard against the ground. Raph gritted his teeth against the pain, squeezing his hands into tight fists. His eyes never left that skeleton with the obnoxious smirk. Did that guy seriously have a gold tooth? Raph would definitely find an opportunity to snap that tooth right off.

"Kinda a shame, since I went through all the trouble to prepare this classic prank." The guy pulled off one of his gloves, revealing something that looked quite similar to the gadget Casey had successfully pranked him with last time. It seemed to emit a tiny spark of electricity. He put his glove back on, shoved both hands into his jacket pockets, walked up to Raph, and squatted down. "Anyways, you look like a monster but you got a human soul. That's hilarious," he laughed out loud, then stepped over Raph to move forward. Raph could finally stand back up.

“I'm Sans. Sans the skeleton. I'm actually supposed to be on watch for humans right now but y'know… i don't give a fuck.” Raph brushed the remaining layers of snow off his clothes, keeping his distance as he followed behind Sans. "Now my brother, Papyrus… is a pretty formidable guy, but he's also awesome. Oh look, speak of the devil and he shall appear."

Raph narrowed his eyes, peering into the distance, and spotted a very tall figure walking toward them. Sans glanced at the lamp, then back at Raph, and then at the station where he was supposed to spend most of his time guarding. "Quick, hide behind this—hey kid, what the hell are you doing?" Before the guy could finish, Raph quickly scrambled up Sans’s back, pulling his legs and head inside his shell while wrapping his arms around him. Raph didn't forget to find the zipper of Sans's jacket and pull it all the way up. Tada! A perfect hiding spot, and a little bit of payback for earlier. Flowey, hiding inside Raph’s collar, was trembling uncontrollably, repeatedly whispering to ask if this was really okay.

Sans broke into a slight sweat but wiped it away just as his younger brother finally arrived. "Sup bro."

Papyrus, looking rather irritated, crossed his arms and stared at Sans, noticing his brother's jacket looked a bit odd. "Seriously Sans? Another same type of jacket but this one just bigger?" Papyrus sighed in sheer disappointment at his miserable excuse for an older brother. Sans just chuckled and replied, "It's called fashion, Papy. Also, thanks for washing all those thick jackets for me."

Papyrus waved his hand dismissively. "I don't have time for you, Sans! Get your lazy ass up and get back to your station!" Not wanting to waste another second looking at that face which constantly radiated nonstop ragebait, Papyrus simply chewed Sans out for a few more words and left.

Sans zipped his jacket down. “Ok, you can come out now kid.” Raph cautiously climbed down. The icy wind slapped his face once again, making him shiver violently. “You oughta get going. He might come back soon and if he does…” Sans winked. "You'll have to listen to my jokes if you want inside my jacket again." With that... Sans walked off in the opposite direction from Raph.

Raph rolled his eyes, stuck his tongue out, and quickly wrapped his arms around himself to generate some warmth before walking away. What a freak. A short, stubby skeleton wearing a thick, furry-hooded black jacket, black shorts with red stripes, and shoes with untied laces to top it all off. The more Raph thought about it, the more he just wanted to punch that guy in the face again to vent his frustration.

A familiar glow cast a soft light onto Raph’s face. Oh, there it was—that familiar star. A new area, a new journey, but this time Raph seriously doubted if he could even survive the freezing cold blasting against his body. Even though Raph was wearing a sweater, Oh My Splinter, how on earth was the Underground actually this freezing? Raph let out a sneeze.

***(The fleeting comfort and warmth inside that jacket fills you with courage.)**

Raph

LV 5

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File saved

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I relied on my Headcanon for Underfell, so I'm happy to hear your opinions.

(The fleeting warmth and comfort inside that jacket filled you with courage)

Raph

LV 5

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File saved

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Bone-chilling gusts of wind kept biting through his skin. Raph couldn't help but wonder why the hell there was... snow in a place deep underground like this. He sniffled, sneezed, and shivered uncontrollably as the cold aggressively gnawed at his body. Even his sweater wasn't doing much to help. Luckily, the warmth from that guy Sans's jacket had helped a bit earlier, but holy shit, it was freezing. Sensing Raph's violent shivering, Flowey began to look worried. He poked his head slightly out of Raph's sweater collar and spoke up.

"Hang in there, Raph. There's a small town just ahead where you can shelter from this freezing cold," Flowey encouraged him repeatedly. Raph just sniffled and sneezed again. A town? He just hoped he wouldn't freeze to death before reaching it. Even if he had to clash with monsters along the way, he was still a turtle, damn it!... Well, it was true he had the ability to revive... but experiencing death was the last thing Raph ever wanted.

Raph scanned his surroundings—everything was stark white, just blinding snow and a vast forest. He secretly prayed that a blizzard wouldn't hit this place. Suddenly, his eyes caught

sight of a chest sitting there. What kind of idiot would leave a chest out here? Whatever, nobody was paying attention anyway, let’s see what’s inside.

...

Great! A glove, but there was no way it would fit him. Slumping his face in disappointment, Raph could only jam his hands under his armpits to keep warm and keep moving forward.

"Moving forward" was easier said than done, as his path was immediately blocked by some frozen turkey monster bla bla bla. Whatever, time to get moving and fight; at least it would warm up his body.

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"So, as I was saying about Undyne..."

Raph looked up slightly toward the voice echoing in front of him. Flowey grew anxious once again upon hearing it, seemingly recognizing the speaker beforehand. "Oh no... I thought they had already walked far away." Hold on a second, didn't that Sans guy head in the opposite direction from him earlier? How the shell was he here now?

Noticing another presence, Papyrus quickly snapped his head over to look. Sans, on the other hand, remained nonchalant, as if he already knew Raph would show up here. Papyrus glared at his perpetually careless older brother, then couldn't resist smack him upside the head for failing to report that a "miracle" was approaching. Sans winced a bit from the blow but shrugged it off—he was a rebellious skeleton, after all. Watching the scene, that specific smack upside the head reminded Raph a little of his brothers.

Papyrus stood with his arms crossed. His facial features were sharp and fierce, with narrow eye sockets casting a razor-sharp glare, paired with a row of jagged, saw-like teeth. There was a scar cutting across his face. Papyrus wore a tight black top bearing an inverted yellow triangle emblem on the chest, topped with bulky shoulder guards spiked with sharp thorns. The most striking highlight was a massive, bright red scarf wrapped around his neck, trailing behind him like a tattered, ripped cape... Raph seriously questioned whether this guy was actually the younger brother. The height difference and fashion sense of these two skeleton brothers were complete opposites.

"So it is you. A monster who possesses a human soul, according to the panicked report from a monster who encountered you," Papyrus barked. "Even if you take the form of a monster..."

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!?

Raph instinctively leapt backward the moment he saw the lanky skeleton raise his hand. Sharp bones burst violently out of the ground right where Raph had been standing a split second ago.

"I will not let the chance for all monsters to escape this place slip away. I shall deliver your soul to Asgore with my own hands," Papyrus said, clenching his fist tightly. "But capturing you too early would utterly ruin the fun. On second thought, I believe traps and puzzles will make this a bit more dramatic—if you dare." Papyrus let out a harsh laugh and strode away, leaving Sans and Raph staring at each other. Sans simply shrugged and followed suit.

Raph just clicked his tongue, calmed Flowey down, and kept moving. He really didn't want the freezing wind to keep slapping his ass. He felt somewhat lucky that Toriel had given him clothes to wear; otherwise, he would have frozen to death before even making it this far.

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Doggo blocks the way, but it doesn't give you a hard time. Since Doggo can't see you, you carefully approach and pet his head, just like the puppies you used to meet on the Surface.

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And then, once again, Raph ran into Sans. Why did this guy keep popping up everywhere? If Flowey hadn't held him back, Raph would have definitely found a rope, tied Sans up, and used him as a literal punching bag.

"Hey, just a little heads-up for ya. As you can see, my brother has a special attack. Simply put, when you see a blue attack, don't move. That's all."

Raph glared at him skeptically. Well, that did explain part of the mechanic from his earlier encounter with Doggo... but Sans was definitely not the type to be this considerate. Raph stared daggers at Sans, looking as if he wanted to burn the skeleton's face off.

"What? Am I shinier than you? I know, my bald head is definitely way more handsome than yours," Sans mocked with that same infuriating grin. Raph gritted his teeth and walked past him. Revenge is a dish best served cold; his time would come.

However, Raph didn't notice that a large stretch of the path ahead was solid ice. Caught off guard, he scrambled wildly to maintain his balance before managed to grab onto a signpost right in front of him.

***North: ice**

***South: ice**

***West: ice**

***East: Snowdin Town**

***(... and ice)**

There it was. The town Flowey had mentioned was finally here. He needed to hurry up.

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Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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The bone-chilling, razor-sharp winds kept howling relentlessly, whipping mercilessly against Raph's fragile frame. The snow fell so thick and heavy that it completely blurred his vision, transforming the treacherous path ahead into nothing but a terrifying, endless void of blinding white. Raph's entire body was shivering uncontrollably from the profound frost, his limbs locking up as the cold seeped deep into his bones. His lips turned an unnatural shade of blue, trembling so violently that even the simple act of drawing a breath became an agonizing, near-impossible struggle.

With every passing second, each step he took grew heavier and more exhausting, as if gravity itself were dragging him down into the frozen earth. Finally, his remaining strength gave out entirely, and he collapsed heavily into the deep, unforgiving snowdrifts.

Damn it... not like this.

Raph desperately tried to plant his trembling hands into the snow to push himself back up, but his frozen muscles refused to obey. He forced himself through the motion again and again, refusing to give up, until the sheer exhaustion began to take its toll. His consciousness started to blur, his vision darkened around the edges, and the harsh wailing of the blizzard gradually grew muffled, swallowing up the frantic, terrified cries of Flowey echoing from his chest.

...

"RAPH?! RAPH!! WAKE UP! PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP!"

By now, Flowey had completely popped his head out of the collar of Raph's thick sweater. Terrified and desperate, his tangled roots began to frantically crawl outward, digging through the fabric to anchor themselves into the frozen ground beneath them. Even though the initial touch of the icy soil sent a sharp shock of pain through his fragile form, the stinging cold couldn't hold back the overwhelming wave of panic and anxiety consuming him for his friend's safety.

Big, heavy tears began to well up and stream down Flowey's face when he received absolutely no response or movement from Raph. He stared at the boy's still face, a sudden realization hitting him—why was he crying again? Why did he still possess the capacity to feel such sorrow? In the cruel reality of this Underground, the rules were absolute: it was a dog-eat-dog world where you either inflicted violence or became the victim of it. The weak were meant to be ruthlessly weeded out by the harsh environment, and there was absolutely no reason to grieve over the fundamental laws of nature here.

But... if that was true, why did his soul ache so terribly right now? Why did the thought of losing Raph bring such profound despair? Flowey bit his lower lip so hard it nearly bled, trying his best to suppress the tears that refused to stop falling. He bowed his head slightly, a dark thought crossing his mind—was everything really going to end in such a pathetic, miserable way?

If he did nothing, Raph would just be left out here to freeze to death, abandoned in the wastes until some savage monster stumbled upon his corpse and delivered his soul straight to the King. Flowey suddenly snapped his head up, his gaze hardening. No. He had stayed silent and submissive for far too long. He couldn't just sit by and watch. He had to act, no matter the cost.

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Somewhere not too far away, Sans was lounging lazily beneath the thick canopy of a dead tree. His legs were casually crossed as he tried to enjoy a rare, fleeting moment of absolute peace and quiet after spending long, excruciating hours listening to Papyrus relentlessly nag and lecture him.

…

Speaking of which, come to think of it, where had that strange little turtle kid wandered off to anyway? Meh, none of my business, the skeleton muttered to himself, dismissing the thought instantly. He locked his hands comfortably behind his skull, closing his eye sockets as he prepared to drift off into a well-deserved nap.

...

"...Hey, you there behind the door. Can you promise me something?"

"..."

"I know... I know it's incredibly strange to ask someone whose face I've never even seen to make a serious promise in a cruel world like this. But I am begging you, with whatever shattered pieces of a heart I have left*... Please, try to protect anyone who steps through this door, no matter what happens, at all costs."*

"..."

"..." The sorrowful voice behind the massive door could only let out a soft, helpless chuckle filled with resignation before the sound of footsteps faded away. "I can only pray that you will... I understand."

…

Sans forced his heavy eye sockets open, a grim scowl forming on his face. That damn promise truly weighed heavily on his shoulders like a pair of iron shackles, constantly gnawing at his mind and refusing to leave him in peace. He rubbed his bony face with a sigh. Such unbelievable, naive sincerity in a world so thoroughly riddled with bloodlust and violence—how should he even describe it?

Yet, even now, Sans could still vividly hear that desperate, trembling voice echoing clearly in his ears. He fell dead silent for a long moment, his foot dangling idly in the air, before letting out a sharp, irritated click of his tongue and pushing himself up to his feet. Maybe... just maybe, he should go check on that pathetic brat who had the sheer nerve to punch him right in the face earlier.

Suddenly, a strange sensation washed over him. He felt a sharp, burning gaze staring intently at him from a nearby thicket. With a cynical smirk, Sans realized he could guess exactly who that pathetic gaze belonged to. Without a single moment of hesitation, Sans raised his hand, his left eye flashing with a dangerous crimson light. A sudden, invisible force violently yanked Flowey out of his hiding spot, lifting him high into the air before dragging him telekinetically straight into Sans's waiting skeletal hand. Sans gripped the flower's stem tightly, his pitch-black eye sockets staring straight down into Flowey's trembling face with terrifying intensity.

"Well, well, look what we have here," Sans purred, his voice dripping with malice. "A filthy, pathetic little stalker caught red-handed, tch tch! Let's see now... what kind of fun things should I do to a weed like you?"

Flowey trembled so violently that his petals rattled against each other. He was completely paralyzed by a primordial fear, his throat tightening, but he forced his mouth open, desperately trying to construct a plea for mercy. However, all words died in his throat when Sans's other hand slowly slipped out of his jacket pocket. With agonizing slowness, his bony fingers pinched one of Flowey's vibrant yellow petals, preparing to rip it away from the stem.

"Maybe I'll play a little game of loves-me, loves-me-not to decide how I'm gonna dust ya, ho __"

"RAPH IS DYING! PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO HELP HIM!" Flowey shrieked at the top of his lungs, the sheer desperation cutting through the howling wind. As soon as the words left him, he clamped his mouth shut, tightly squeezing his eyes closed as he braced himself for the fatal blow, entirely resigning himself to his cruel fate.

Sans's hand froze mid-air, the crimson glow in his eye flickering slightly. Raph? Huh. If he remembered correctly, wasn't that the exact name of the stubborn brat he was just about to go look for? Sans stared intensely at the trembling flower for a tense, silent moment before carelessly tossing him onto the frozen ground like a piece of trash.

"Consider yourself incredibly lucky today, weed," Sans growled, his voice dropping into a dangerous, low register. "Now start talking. Where the hell is the kid?"

Flowey blinked rapidly in sheer disbelief, unable to comprehend how he had just escaped death, but he wasn't about to waste a single precious second of this miracle. He scrambled to turn around, frantically pointing into the blinding white storm to show Sans the path. "F-follow me! Hurry, Raph is right over here!"

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Sans crouched down low in the snow, indifferently picking up a fallen wooden branch and prodding Raph’s limp body with it, while Flowey hovered anxiously right beside them, completely consumed by a suffocating wave of panic. Sans poked the unconscious kid once more, rolling him over slightly to inspect him. There were no visible lacerations, no plasma burns, and no signs of magical residue—meaning he wasn't injured from a monster attack.

Sans let out a dry, mocking snort; if this brat had actually managed to get himself thrashed by some low-level monster out here, Sans would formally promise to lift his lazy ass up and do every single piece of grueling housework for Papyrus for the rest of the year. Realizing the kid was simply freezing to death, he carelessly threw the stick aside, stood up, and grabbed Raph by the collar, dragging his limp body across the snow toward the shelter of a large, gnarled tree trunk nearby.

Flowey watched the rough handling with an incredibly uneasy knot forming in his stomach, but he didn't dare utter a single syllable of protest. He knew all too well that if he angered the volatile skeleton, Sans might just abandon both of them in the freezing wastes on a petty whim.

After propping Raph’s fragile body securely against the rough bark of the tree, Sans stood over him for a moment, staring down in silence. Then, with a heavy, annoyed sigh, he unzipped his own thick, oversized winter jacket, slipped it off his shoulders, and draped it carefully over the shivering human. He even went as far as to pull the large hood all the way

up over Raph’s head, doing everything he could to trap whatever fading body warmth the boy had left.

"..."

Staring at the kid's still-pale face, Sans let out a frustrated click of his tongue. Perhaps feeling that a simple jacket wasn't nearly enough to fight off the deadly Arctic chill of Snowdin, he hesitated for a brief, tense moment. But ultimately, he grumbled under his breath and sat down heavily in the snow right next to Raph. Reaching out with a sigh, he threw his heavy arm over Raph's trembling shoulders, pulling the small, frozen human firmly against his chest to share his own magical warmth.

Flowey, witnessing this entire sequence from the roots of the tree, stared with wide eyes in absolute, unadulterated shock. In all his time in this wretched Underground, he had never once seen this brutal, cold-blooded skeleton act with even an ounce of genuine softness or compassion. However, his profound shock was instantly cut short when Sans snapped his head toward him, drilling a terrifying, murderous glare straight into the flower's soul. It was a silent, crystal-clear warning: if Flowey ever breathed a single word about this pathetic display of weakness to anyone, his life would be violently extinguished on the spot. Flowey gulped audibly, terrified, and promptly dove straight beneath the dirt to hide.

Left alone in the quiet shelter of the tree, Sans remained completely silent. But as the wind howled outside their small sanctuary, his hand unconsciously and gently began to pat the kid’s back—a deeply buried, rhythmic motion that mirrored exactly the way he used to comfort and shield his tiny, innocent baby brother from the terrifying snowstorms so many years ago.

"...heh." Sans let out a faint, breathless chuckle that was instantly swallowed by the cold air. "Alright, kid. You win this round. I’ll stay right here for a bit.”

Chapter End Notes

Adding thid chapters to show my headcannon to Underfell :]! Hope y'all like this and i very appreciate if you leave your opinion

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Raph dizzily woke up and quickly stood up, scanning his surroundings. He had just blacked out, didn't he? How much time had passed? The only thing Raph could faintly recall was Flowey's voice desperately trying to wake him up… Wait, hold on a second. Raph couldn't feel Flowey's presence. Don't tell him something happened while he was unconscious? No, he couldn't let th—

"Raph? Raph! You're awake! Oh, I'm so glad!" Flowey happily cheered upon seeing his friend finally open his eyes. As for Sans? The guy had left not too long ago. He even left his jacket behind for Raph to wear until he wanted it back. Raph snapped his head around and saw Flowey completely unharmed, still sporting that same cowardly face and a voice dripping with intense anxiety. Raph just sighed, dropped down on one knee, and extended his hand as a sign for Flowey to climb back inside his sleeve. Flowey didn't hesitate to follow suit.

With that sorted out, Raph began to look around. *Sniff, sniff*... Ew, what the hell is that smell? ...It reeked of mustard. Wait. Only now did Raph realize he was wearing a jacket that undoubtedly belonged to *that* guy. The more he smelled it, the foulest it got. Raph immediately threw the jacket off, but just as quickly dragged it back on. If he didn't, the freezing cold would knock him out all over again.

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***You encounter a strange gap with footprints left behind. Too lazy to think, you decide to follow the tracks.**

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***You run into a monster—a dog wearing armor. Despite his fierce face, every time you pet him, his neck stretches longer and longer.**

***You wonder if this dog's head could help you climb back up.**

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***What on earth is this… a Frozen Treat. Who would even dare to eat this? You and the vendor glare at each other before you flip his cart over and bolt.**

.

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***Puzzle.**

***Another puzzle, and you receive 1G.**

After solving the puzzle, you spot Sans standing there. He looks surprisingly small without his usual jacket. Raph wonders if the guy even feels the cold.

***You walk up and strike up a conversation**.

"I've been thinking about selling treats too. Want some fried snow? It's just 5G."

No 🧡Yes

Sans flashed a grin, looking like he had just pulled off a slick move. "Did I say 5G? I mean 100G.” Sans burst out laughing, only to see Raph clenching his two fists together, facing him, and raising a single finger that clearly communicated *Fuck you*

***You cannot believe you just got scammed.**

.

.

***Monster Kidz Word… search.**

***You immediately know whose doing this is. But at least this is way better than those near-death challenges from a certain someone.**

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***Monsters and puzzles, challenges… monsters and puzzles, challenges… Monsters and puzzles, challenges. Never in his life had Raph wanted to sit down and listen to Donnie ramble about stuff more than doing this physical labor.**

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***You just met Sans on the other side, yet here he is again. You decide to trick him, but it fails.**

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Going through so many hardships, struggling with endless obstacles because Raph truly couldn't stand the cold here… but Raph also had to thank Flowey. The plant had literally risked his life to call Sans for help. The catch was, after hearing the story from Flowey, Raph couldn't bring himself to believe it. Could that initial punch from their first meeting have messed up the skeleton's head? Highly suspicious.

Now, stretching out before Raph was a very long, narrow suspension bridge. But since Flowey mentioned they were nearing the town, Raph felt somewhat relieved. After walking for a good while, Raph spotted Sans at the far end. Raph's eyes immediately locked into a glare, still incredibly salty about the scam from earlier. The closer he got, the more guarded Raph became. Sans simply reached out, grabbed his jacket back, and put it on. "Time's up on the rental, kid. Now, ha—" Before Sans could even finish his sentence, Raph dashed right past him.

Raph ran heavily until he finally spotted a sign reading *Welcome to Snowdin*. Only then did he stop, slowing his pace down as he approached the glowing star.

***The sight has a bit of graffiti on it, but it only fills you with bravery.**

Raph

LV 5

Bravery

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File saved.

Once finished, he noticed a wooden house nearby with a sign that read *Inn*. Curiosity piqued, Raph stepped inside.

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Stepping through the door, Raph looked around. He felt comfier than ever; the biting, chilly winds were no longer torturing him here. In front of him was a small counter where a rabbit-like monster sat, busy with something. As Raph approached, she looked a bit annoyed but stood up anyway. "Welcome to Snowed Inn bla bla bla yes this is a Hotel bla bla. One night will be 80G."

Raph checked his funds. Thank goodness, he had just enough to crash for the night. Upon paying, the room key was simply tossed right at his face. A vein popped on Raph's forehead, but too exhausted to start a fight, he immediately headed upstairs to check his room.

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Inserting the key and stepping inside, the very first thing he did was lock the door securely. Though he felt a bit of sympathy for the residents here, he still couldn't offer them his absolute trust—especially given the rules of this place. The room wasn't as large as the one at Toriel's, but at least it was a massive upgrade from his own place back home. Raph flopped onto the bed, staring at the ceiling for a moment before pulling out the old phone Toriel had given him earlier. He found her number and dialed.

Ring...

Ring...

"Raph! Oh, my child! Are you alright? Have you been eating well? Are you hurt anywhere? Did something happen?..." The other end of the line bombarded him with worried questions.

Raph couldn't help but chuckle. Hearing Toriel's voice made him feel better than he had all day. And just like that, he spent hours talking to her over the phone, gradually drifting into a deep sleep while still on the line. On the other side, Toriel panicked slightly when Raph stopped responding, but hearing his soft snoring, she let out a sigh of relief.

"Goodnight, my child," she whispered, and hung up.

Flowey finally popped his head out. He looked at Raph for a moment, then extended his roots to grab the phone, placing it on the nearby table. He pulled the blanket up to cover Raph* before shrinking back down inside.

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Chapter End Notes

The reason Papyrus doesn't appear or speak through the puzzles and challenges is because I wanted to take a different approach. Basically, if you want friendship and respect, you have to defeat Papyrus at the end of Snowdin. Raph overcoming the challenges or even defeating Papyrus will give him a different perspective... shhhh I can't spoil any more.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> i swear the fight part is peak in my head… and just for reminder, i base Underfell on my headcanon!

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Raph stretched, letting out a deep yawn. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d slept this well. Waking up without Mikey’s endless noise or Leo’s constant nagging felt downright bizarre, but it was an opportunity he wasn't about to waste. Even as he stepped out of the small motel and felt the biting wind slap his backside again, it wasn't nearly as brutal as the first time.

Raph loosened up, stretching for a bit before taking some time to explore the small town. Flowey seized the moment to act as a tour guide. There was a faint, rebellious edge to Snowdin, but Raph could tell that beneath their grumpy, standoffish exteriors, the monster citizens possessed a hidden kindness that peeked through every brief conversation. Of course, that didn't apply to everyone—there was still a select group of jerks so rude they practically begged to be punched in the face, regardless of what kind of monster they were.

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After wandering around Snowdin, Raph made his way to the edge of town. There, the surroundings dissolved into a blinding white sheet, and the icy winds began to howl more fiercely than ever. Raph narrowed his eyes, shielding his face with a hand to block the freezing gusts.

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He trudged forward until a shadowy silhouette materialized in the haze. The figure possessed a terrifying height. Wait, a terrifying height? Don't tell me... Sans's brother, Papyrus, was standing right there?! Throughout his journey, Papyrus's puzzles and traps had given Raph a major headache. He had counted himself lucky to avoid that skeleton's face until now, yet here he was, blocking the end of the road. A sudden laugh escaped Raph's lips. If Mikey were here, he'd probably be shaking Raph by the shoulders, screaming that this was the "mini-boss" before the ultimate showdown. Raph suppressed his chuckles and shook his head. Flowey, peeking out from inside his sweater collar, looked up in utter confusion. Taking a deep breath, Raph drew his signature weapon—his twin Sai—and immediately dropped into a fighting stance.

"A beacon of hope for monsterkind..." the shadow finally spoke, his voice cutting through the wind. "Allow me to express the complex emotions I hold at this very moment. You... you bear the form of a monster, yet you carry the precious hope of everyone down here. A part of me wishes not to fight you. But bound by my duty as a member of the Royal Guard, I cannot allow myself to soften or let this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity slip away. So make your final stand worthwhile."

The moment the words left his mouth, sharp, jagged bones erupted rapidly from the ground, surging toward Raph in relentless waves. To Raph's shock, his soul suddenly glowed a deep, heavy blue. Catching a glimpse of the shifting battlefield, Flowey frantically urged Raph to jump high into the air while quickly explaining how this new soul mechanic worked.

Raph struggled with the sudden weight at first, but the intense, suffocating rhythm of combat forced him to adapt on the fly. Capitalizing on the height from his dodge, he shifted his weight in mid-air and dove straight down, driving a fierce kick aimed directly at Papyrus.

Papyrus, who had been analyzing his opponent, felt a spark of genuine admiration for the turtle's sheer adaptability. Smirking, a massive bone materialized right in front of his arm, towering slightly over him. Without a shred of hesitation or wasted movement, right before leaping up to meet the kick, Papyrus snapped the long bone in half, turning it into a makeshift staff with a lethal, jagged point at the broken end.

Raph didn't dare lower his guard. He nimbly recoiled off Papyrus before the skeleton could execute a close-quarters counter-attack that would force him onto the defensive.

On the other side, Papyrus twirled his bone staff behind his back. With arrogant confidence, he extended his free hand, gesturing for Raph to come at him. That haughty provocation successfully pushed Raph's buttons. Raph absolutely loathed that smug face. The more he looked at it, the angrier he got. Without a single word, Raph lunged forward. Even though he was at a disadvantage with only his Sai, nothing was going to stop his momentum.

The metallic ring of weapon clashing against bone echoed continuously, punctuated by surprise attacks woven into their frantic melee. While Raph's reflexes allowed him to dodge most of the onslaught, he couldn't evade everything; after all, the raw power of a mutant and

a magical monster belonged to two entirely different worlds. Despite taking heavy hits, Raph pushed through, showing the skeleton that he was no pushover.

Papyrus was genuinely impressed by the raw power and technical precision of the turtle's strikes, as well as his fluid evasions. He had to admit, this turtle possessed formidable stamina, even managing to land a few solid blows that wounded him.

"You truly surprise me, turtle," Papyrus panted, the adrenaline pumping. "Every movement of yours carries a technique that catches me off guard. But against me, it will not be enough. It is a pity, though..." Having fought for so long, Papyrus felt a strange sense of fulfillment battling this kid. But an end was an end. Even if he had to take the boy's soul to present it to the King, he would treasure the memory of this battle at all costs. "...Your soul will belong to me, and to the King!"

With a sudden burst of speed, Papyrus lunged forward, gripping Raph's face tightly and slamming him violently into the snow, raising the jagged bone staff to deliver the finishing blow.

Gasping for air, his body and face battered with injuries, Raph hadn't been able to react in time to the sudden blitz and took the full brunt of the assault. He gritted his teeth as the line between life and death grew razor-thin. When pushed to the brink, a person either breaks or unlocks a terrifying survival instinct—and Raph was not about to break. Despite being pinned down, Raph whipped one of his Sai straight at Papyrus’s face. Whether it hit or not didn't matter; the distraction bought him just enough time to coil his legs and deliver a powerful kick, shoving Papyrus off him.

Papyrus stumbled backward quite a distance. Before he could even recover his footing, Raph let out a primal roar and charged bare-handed, unleashing a relentless, furious barrage of punches and savage strikes.

Time lost all meaning once more. The shattered bones littered across the ground stood as a grim testament to how brutal the clash had been. Papyrus lay motionless on the freezing snow, staring blankly up into the haunting, pure white eyes of the turtle looming over him. Papyrus closed his eyes, accepting that his journey ended here.

...

But nothing happened. When Papyrus opened his eyes, he saw Raph extending a hand, offering to help him up. Papyrus’s eyes widened in sheer disbelief. After everything he had done, this turtle was showing him mercy? Why?

Raph kept his hand extended, waiting. Papyrus endured a long internal struggle before finally taking the offered hand. The two stared at each other. Papyrus looked as if he wanted to say something, to ask why.

"I... I do not know how to say this," the skeleton mumbled, glancing away from Raph. "But I can return your gesture by inviting you to my home... I could, uhm..." Papyrus pointed at the nasty wounds covering Raph’s body.

Raph looked down at himself. Inside his collar, Flowey was throwing a frantic fit, having been scared half to death yet again, desperately begging Raph to reconsider the invitation. Raph thought about it for a long moment, and...

Fuck it, we ball.

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Chapter 12

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Raph surveyed the area where he had clashed with Papyrus just moments ago. Jagged bones protruded from the ground like broken teeth, surrounded by shattered remnants—clear evidence of how brutal the fight had been. For as long as he could remember, Raph thrived on danger, constantly seeking out new threats to push his limits. Facing this grim reality, a part of him felt a thrill of satisfaction, yet a heavier, darker weight of anxiety pressed on his chest. The journey ahead was unpredictable, and his family was still waiting for him to come home. Shaking his head to dispel the distracting thoughts, Raph focused on searching for the sai he had thrown in the heat of battle.

After retrieving his weapon and slipping it back into his belt, Papyrus's sudden, bizarre invitation crossed his mind. Raph knit his brows, glancing down the dark path ahead, then back toward the cold, bleak town of Snowdin.

"I think you should just keep moving. I don't trust a single word out of that guy's mouth—" Flowey murmured, poking his head out. Great. Perfect timing as always. Sighing, Raph gently nudged Flowey back beneath his sweater collar. He had already made his decision. If he could beat Papyrus once, he could damn well do it again if things went sideways, no matter how ugly it got.

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Papyrus stood before the grim, two-story wooden house he shared with his brother. Why was he even waiting here? Just a moment ago, he had extended what was easily the most idiotic offer of his life: inviting somsy he had been savagely fighting into his home to patch up the wounds. It was utterly ridiculous. Papyrus groaned. He had been standing in the freezing cold for so long. If that turtle wasn't coming, why was he still stubbornly lingering by the door? He didn't even know the answer himself.

Just as Papyrus turned to open the door, he felt a sharp tug at the hem of his tattered cape. If it was one of those annoying monster kids again, he was absolutely not in the mood. Snapping his head around with a fierce glare, he froze. It was the turtle.

Seeing that he finally had the terrifyingly tall skeleton’s attention, Raph let go of the cape. Papyrus was caught off guard for a second, but quickly cleared his throat, regaining his rigid posture. "SO, YOU ACTUALLY DECIDED TO RETURN AND TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS... WITH THE VERY MAN WHO JUST TRIED TO DESTROY YOU. IT SEEMS YOU ARE FOOLISHLY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS, AND PERHAPS... TRUSTING. VERY WELL THEN—" Papyrus stepped inside, throwing the door open. "Enter"

Raph hesitated on the threshold, questioning his judgment one last time. If this blows up in my face, Flowey is never going to let me hear the end of it. He'll sound just like Leo: 'I told you so.'

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The interior of the house wasn't half bad. It was surprisingly neat and orderly. Raph decided to take a look around, and Papyrus didn't seem to mind.

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“This is my brother's pet rock. He always forgets to feed it… as usual, I have to take responsibility."

*(The rock is covered in sprinkles.)

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“My brother always goes out to eat but… Recently, he tried baking something… I am certain that 'thing' contains nothing but pure sugar and charcoal.”

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*(It's a dirty sock with a series of notes on it.)

SANS! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, PLEASE PICK UP YOUR DAMN SOCK!

ok.

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After a brief tour, Raph found himself standing in Papyrus's bedroom. Everything was meticulously arranged with military discipline. Strangely enough, Papyrus had somehow acquired a bed shaped like a race car. It looked incredibly badass. Raph couldn't help but wonder if the thing actually drove.

Raph looked around for another moment before awkwardly sitting on the edge of the car bed while Papyrus went to fetch a medical kit. It didn't take long for the tall skeleton to return. He hesitated briefly before approaching and sitting down next to Raph. Without a word, Papyrus began inspect the turtle's injuries, his bony fingers working with surprising precision as he applied bandages.

The silence in the room grew heavy and suffocating. Neither of them uttered a word. Raph kept his guard up, every muscle tense, while Papyrus silently noted the old scars crisscrossing the turtle's skin. It was obvious this stranger was a seasoned brawler. Witnessing Raph's fierce combat prowess earlier had genuinely sparked a strange sense of respect and fascination within the skeleton.

Finally, Papyrus broke the tension. "I REALIZED I HAVE YET TO ASK FOR YOUR NAME. You definitely know me but is will rude for me that i i don't know your name."

*** You tell him your name is Raph**.

"Raph? hmm..." Papyrus finished tying off the fresh bandages, covering the wounds he had inflicted, as well as a few lingering burns that Sans had caused previously. Once again, a strange, profound quiet settled over the room. The two stared into space, occasionally stealing glances at one another.

Papyrus spoke up again, turning his face away slightly. "YOU... MUST BE WONDERING WHY I MADE AN OFFER THAT WE BOTH DEEM UTTERLY IDIOTIC, RECT? HMPH." He shook his head. "TRUTH BE TOLD, I DO NOT COMPREHEND IT MYSELF. IT IS AS INEXPLICABLE AS YOUR DECISION TO SPARE MY LIFE. AMUSING, ISN'T IT? BUT I WILL ADMIT THIS: AFTER WHAT YOU PROVED IN BATTLE, YOU ARE INDEED A MAGNIFICENT FIGHTER. YOU HAVE EARNED MY RESPECT."

Papyrus let out a self-deprecating chuckle. Raph watched him closely for a moment, then lowered his head, a thought forming in his mind.

*** You offer a small proposition... to spar together.**

Papyrus snapped his head back, his sockets widening as he scrutinized Raph. The turtle was dead serious. A thrill of excitement flared within the skeleton's soul, and he didn't hesitate for a single second.

Papyrus set the first-aid kit aside and stepped into the center of the room. "I am eager to test my chances again"

Raph cracked his knuckles, standing up to meet him. Seeing the skeleton so genuinely fired up, Raph didn't have the heart to back down. In a way, looking at Papyrus's fierce enthusiasm reminded him of his own childhood, back when he used to watch Master Splinter perform incredible katas and eagerly tried to copy them.

Though it was meant to be a light training session, the lingering suspicion between them quickly evaporated. The room filled with the sounds of colliding blows, harsh callouts, and eventually, breathless laughter and mutual respect. Raph showed Papyrus his ninjutsu techniques, and in return, Papyrus taught him how to dodge complex bone magic patterns. They traded knowledge they had never encountered before.

By the time they finished, both were utterly exhausted. They collapsed onto the floor, panting heavily, completely forgetting about their previous aches and injuries.

"I... I HAVE NEVER HAD A TRAINING SESSION SO EXHILARATING," Papyrus panted, staring up at the ceiling before turning to Raph. "UNDYNE IS A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT, BUT YOU, RAPH... YOU KEEP ME ON MY TOES WITH THAT ASTONISHING ADAPTABILITY AND REFLEXES. I HAVE SAID IT ONCE, BUT YOU TRULY POSSESS MY RESPECT." He sat up, retrieving a small slip of paper. "Here my phone number, reach to me when you need help"

Raph stretched his aching limbs as he walked back out into the snow. Sure, his body was covered in a mix of combat bandages and fresh bruises from the sparring session, but who the hell cared? He felt more refreshed and alive than he had in a long time.

Flowey poked his head out, glaring suspiciously. Raph looked down and flashed the flower a smug, victorious grin. Flowey rolled his eyes and sighed. Suddenly, a soft green, glowing seed drifted out from the flower and embedded itself into Raph's chest. Warmth surged through him instantly.

*** Your HP was fully restored.**

Flowey gave Raph a quick, knowing wink before ducking back beneath the collar, leaving the turtle blinking in sheer disbelief. That little weed!? He had healing magic this whole time?!

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Leaving the frosty borders of Snowdin behind, the biting chill vanished almost instantly. The underground never ceased to baffle Raph—how could entire, distinct ecosystems exist

beneath the earth? In this new cavern, the air was heavy with thick, damp moisture, and the shadows stretched long and dark.

But his momentary peace was cut short. Ahead, a frustratingly familiar silhouette stood waiting, instantly ruining his mood.

Sans was leaning lazily against a wooden sentry station, his hands stuffed deep in his hoodie pockets. "what? haven't you seen a guy with two jobs before? fortunately, two jobs means twice as many legally-required breaks." Sans chuckled darkly, stepping away from his post and gesturing down the path. "i'm heading over to grillby's. i know a shortcut."

Raph blinked in annoyance. Who does this guy think he is, just deciding things for me? Still, a free meal was a free meal, and Raph wasn't one to turn down food. But first, he had to take care of something.

(The sound of rushing water fills you with bravery.)

Raph - LV 5

File Saved.

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Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Im back from military training for two weeks

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Raph rubbed his eyes raw, blinking rapidly before delivering a sequence of sharp, stinging slaps and pinches to his own cheeks. He was trying to violently reboot his brain against the sheer absurdity of what this skeleton called a "shortcut." The frantic, self-inflicted abuse was so intense that Flowey, currently trembling and tucked away like a stowaway inside Raph’s collar, let out a soft, anxious whimper, whispering to ask if he had finally lost his mind. Just a heartbeat ago, they were standing out in the freezing cavern; now, they were suddenly inside a dim, smoky tavern Raph recalled passing by earlier.

And what about that skeleton with the punchable, permanent grin?

Sans looked utterly smug, practically radiating pride over his impossibly short, reality-bending shortcut. Before Raph could even process the spatial whiplash, Sans was already lounging at the counter, lazily patting the empty barstool beside him in an open invitation.

Raph’s face contorted into a deep, thunderous scowl. Yet, his boots dragged him toward the seat anyway. Free food was free food, and whatever scraps of pride he had left were easily traded for a warm meal. Stepping fully into the tavern, he took in the atmosphere: it was thick with tension, a volatile cocktail of quiet malice and rowdy camaraderie. In one corner, monsters glared at each other with eyes that spat sparks; in another, a group laughed over a tense game of cards. Raph could wager his twin sai that a bar fight here wasn't just common—it was a daily scheduled event. Frankly, a part of him vibrated with the urge to mix it up and test their mettle.

As Raph hopped onto the stool, settling his bulky frame into what he hoped was comfort, he caught Sans side-eying him. The skeleton’s grin widened with an unsettling, cryptic edge.

Sans patted Raph’s shoulder heavily. "Whoopsie, watch where you sit down… Sometimes weirdos put something on the seats. Anyway, let’s order."

Raph froze. He stared dead at Sans for a long, agonizing second, then slowly looked down at the seat beneath him. A dark, primal irritation simmered in his chest, his knuckles turning white as his hands clenched into tight fists on the wooden counter. Before he could throw a punch, Sans patted his shoulder again, turning smoothly to the bartender.

"Hey Grillby, we'll have a double order of burgs."

Raph snapped his gaze upward. Standing before them wasn't a regular bartender, but a being made entirely of crackling, violet flame. The fiery figure, methodically polishing a glass, let out a faint, crackling sigh of annoyance at Sans' casual tone, but turned on his heel to retreat into the kitchen to prepare the order.

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With the food taking its time, Raph could only slump forward, swinging his legs restlessly before burying his face entirely into his crossed arms on the sticky counter. Meanwhile, Sans did something Raph never, in a million years, thought he would witness. The skeleton pulled a small plastic comb from his pocket and began to... brush his damn bald head?

He doesn't even have hair, bald just like me Raph thought, completely baffled. It was exactly the kind of unhinged, shameless stunt Mikey would pull just because nobody told him he couldn't.

After thoroughly grooming his pristine, bald skull, Sans rested his chin in his hand, looking down at the brooding turtle. "Seeing you all banged up like that... I bet my skull you’ve already run into my bro, Papyrus, huh? Hahaha, the kid’s pretty cool and tough, right...?"

From there, the dam broke. Sans launched into an endless, passionate monologue, his voice dripping with an intense, unyielding pride as he recounted the greatness of his younger brother.

Though Raph remained slumped, projecting an aura of pure indifference, his triangular ears were practically twitching. He was listening. Intently.

Because deep down, a strange, warm ache bloomed in his chest. He knew this feeling. He knew it intimately. God knew Mikey, Leo, and Donnie drove him so crazy he wanted his head to detonate like a pipe bomb. Yet, without fail, whenever he talked to April or Casey, he would unconsciously brag about them, fiercely painting his brothers as the bravest, coolest idiots on the planet. Watching Sans ramble about Papyrus was like looking into a twisted,

skeletal mirror. Raph let out a soft, barely audible chuckle, burying his smirk into the crook of his elbow as he continued to listen.

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A few minutes later, an intoxicating, savory aroma slammed into Raph’s senses. His head snapped up instantly, his nostrils flaring as he sniffed the air like a hound. It wasn't that human fast food was a novelty—Master Splinter had long since allowed them to explore the surface world—but after weeks of hiding, starving, and surviving in a rotting, abandoned cabin deep in the woods? This smell was heaven. Saliva pooled in his mouth, and his stomach let out a ferocious, echoing growl that demanded to be answered.

"Here comes the grub and bone—"

Before the plates could even fully settle on the counter, Raph tore into the double burger. He ate like a feral beast, inhaling the food as if he hadn't seen a meal in a millennium. Sans blinked, staring blankly at the blur of green hands and flying crumbs, then looked down at his own untouched plate. Losing his appetite, Sans casually slid his burger over to the ravenous turtle.

Instead, the skeleton reached into his inner coat pocket, pulling out a yellow bottle of mustard. He popped the cap and took a slow, deeply satisfied swig. To Sans, nothing beat a day lubricated by a bottle of pure, seductive mustard.

"Chomp a bit slower there, buddy," Sans droned, his white eye-pupils tracking Raph's chaotic chewing. "Lest the monsters get their freedom a little too fast by you choking to death."

Raph merely rolled his eyes, aggressively wiping his mouth with the back of his forearm before diving straight into the second burger.

Then, the air shifted.

It was a sudden, suffocating sensation that Raph couldn't quite put into words. As a ninja, danger was a familiar shadow, but *this* was a profound, unnatural wrongness. Raph slowly set the half-eaten burger back onto the plate, his instincts screaming at him. He cautiously scanned the room.

Everything had stopped.

The rowdy monsters, the flickering violet flames of Grillby, the cards suspended mid-air—everything was frozen in a flawless, terrifying stasis. A cold dread gripped Raph's spine. His hand crept instinctively down toward his belt, searching for the comforting hilt of his weapon. As he subtly shifted his gaze, he found Sans staring right at him.

The sheer intensity of that gaze made Raph violently flinch. In a flash of pure adrenaline, he whipped out his sai, pointing the deadly tines directly at the skeleton’s face.

Whenever Sans or Papyrus, their eye sockets would completely darken, turning into pitch-black voids that made Raph want to look away at all costs. It was a harrowing sight—though ironically, Raph knew he looked just as terrifying when his own eyes went completely stark white in the heat of battle. But this time, the darkness in Sans’ eyes felt heavy, weighted with an ancient, crushing gravity. A cold sweat broke out on Raph's neck. He swallowed hard, his throat tight.

Sans didn't flinch. Slowly, leaning his cheek against his palm, he used his free hand to gently, casually tap the sharp tip of Raph’s sai away from his face.

"Easy there, kiddo," Sans murmured, his voice dropping an octave, losing every ounce of its previous warmth. "I just wanted to have a little chat. Wouldn't want this fragile, precious little turtle getting cracked to pieces out there, now would we?"

A hollow, mirthless chuckle escaped the skeleton. Raph didn't lower his weapon, his muscles locked tight.

"The Echo Flower. They're all over the marsh," Sans continued, his black sockets boring holes straight into Raph’s soul. "Say something to them, and they'll repeat it over and over… But you already know what this place is like, don't you? Cover your ears and walk right past 'em, pal. There are some things down here you really don't want to hear."

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not update this fic... i just suddenly love drawing about thie crossover

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Raph kicked a pebble into the snow, his mind still reeling from the sheer, unadulterated absurdity of what had just happened at Grillby's.

A free meal? Yeah, right. He should have known better than to trust a grinning skeleton. Instead of a free lunch, he'd ended up with his name tacked onto a tab that looked longer than his list of complaints about Leo. How in the actual hell did that smiling bag of bones manage to run up a **10,000G** debt by drinking mustard ?!

It was a miracle Raph hadn't snapped. When Sans had asked—with that permanent, mocking grin—if Raph was going to pay it off, Raph had genuinely considered tackling him like a WWE heavyweight, wrestling him into the dirt, and knocking that gold tooth right out of his skull to settle the score.

Muttering a stream of curses under his breath, Raph marched forward, completely oblivious to his surroundings until the crisp, freezing air of Snowdin began to soften.

Suddenly, the biting chill was gone, Raph stopped in his tracks, blinking at the drastic shift in scenery

For a guy who had spent his life in sewers and fought literal pink brain ugly -aliens from another dimension, the Underground still managed to throw him for a loop. The oppressive

winter of Snowdin had melted away, replaced by an ethereal, echoing world of deep blues and vibrant cyans.

This was **Waterfall**.

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The air here was thick and humid, filled with the soothing, constant rush of running water. But it wasn't dark. The cavern walls and damp ground were alive with a soft, bioluminescent glow. Whispering, star-like flowers bloomed along the riverbanks, casting a gentle light over the obsidian stone.

Raph took a slow, deep breath, letting the cool, damp air clear his lungs. The sheer tranquility of the place hit him like a physical wave. *If Leo were here, he'd probably lose his mind. He'd set up camp, sit cross-legged, and meditate for twelve hours straight...*

"Whoa..."

A tiny voice broke his thoughts. Flowey slowly poked his head out from under Raph's collar, his yellow petals slightly damp from the mist. For once, the flower's face didn't wear a smug smirk or a terrifying grin. There was actual, genuine excitement in his eyes.

"Oh, Raph! You're seriously going to love this place!" Flowey whispered, though his tone quickly dipped into its usual anxious cadence. "Oh, but... we have to be super careful. The Royal Guard patrols these areas. Those guys back in Snowdin were just small fry. Papyrus is one thing, but *she*... she is a real nightmare. But I know if we're quiet, we can slip right past her!"

Raph rolled his eyes, adjusting his gear. He was a ninja. Sneaking around in the shadows was literally his day job. What did he have to fear from some fish in shining armor? Besides, they had just set foot in this damp cave; it wasn't like they were going to run into trouble the second they—

***You reached down, gently tapping Flowey on his head before trying to stuff him back into your cozy, warm sweater.**

******Flowey hissed and stubbornly shoved his way back out.*** **This was his favorite zone in the Underground, and there was no way he was going to let Raph miss his favorite spots.**

** You were dead wrong.*

The moment Raph slipped into a patch of tall, glowing blue seagrass—perfectly tall enough to conceal a mutant turtle—a sudden, sharp tug yanked his ankle.

A thick, magical vine had sprouted from the mud, wrapping itself tightly around his leg. A sharp sting of pain shot up Raph's calf. Grimacing, he immediately reached for his Sai, ready to slice the weed to ribbons.

***You glared daggers at Flowey, opening your mouth to demand what kind of sick joke this was.**

Flowey instantly slapped a leaf over your mouth, his face pale with sheer terror "Raph... pleasebe quiet... Don't make a sound," Flowey hissed in a breathless whisper. Raph's brow furrowed, but his ninja training kicked in. He froze, melting into the shadows of the tall grass, his eyes locked on the ledge just ahead.

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A towering figure clad in polished, dark steel armor stood at the edge of the overlook, her back turned. The sheer aura of menace radiating from her made the air feel heavy.

Steps echoed as Papyrus walked up, stopping a respectful distance behind her.

"i have come with my daily report," Papyrus announced " And... about the final soul that will free us all"

"..."

"They are trully warrior. Their agility and comebat skills are simply... astonishing"

"..."

"Did i capture them?... No. I tried very hard but in the end... i failed"

"..."

"What?... You really want to capture them by yourself? To... restore my horror? No, you really don't have to- "

"..."

"...I understand and i will help as many i can"

With a heavy sigh, the tall skeleton turned and walked away, his boots clicking against the wet stone until the sound faded into the distance.

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Raph held his breath, letting the silence settle. The armored captain stood there for a moment longer, staring into the misty abyss of the cavern, before turning and clanking away in the opposite direction.

Perfect. Now was their chance to slip away. The tall grass was dense enough to mask their movement, as long as he was careful.

He took one stealthy step forward.

SNAP.

Underneath his heavy foot, a dry, brittle branch split in two with a sound that echoed like a gunshot in the quiet cavern.

Flowey's jaw literally dropped. He stared at Raph in utter, horrified disbelief. Raph's heart did a violent flip. His mind raced at a million miles an hour, instantly formulating a survival plan: *If that armored psycho lunges into the grass, I am throwing this weed directly at her face as a distraction and running like hell.*

He waited. Five seconds. Ten seconds.

Nothing happened. No spears. No roaring shouts.

Instead, a yellow, lizard-like kid in a striped shirt scrambled out of the very same patch of grass, completely ignoring Raph's terrifying appearance.

"Man, she's so cool!" the kid gasped, practically vibrating with excitement. "YOOOOO!! DID YOU SEE THE WAY SHE WAS STARING AT YOU?!"

Raph blinked, slowly letting go of his Sai. He looked around, bewildered. He hadn't even realized this little monster was hiding in the grass right next to him.

The kid—who didn't seem to have any arms—hopped closer, getting right into Raph's face. "THAT... WAS AWESOME!! DUDE, I'M SO JEALOUS! What'd you do to get her attention like that...? Haha... C'mon! Let's go watch her beat up some those guys!"

Without waiting for an answer, the kid bolted forward. But his lack of arms and overabundant enthusiasm quickly betrayed him. Within three steps, he tripped over his own feet and slammed face-first into the muddy ground.

"I'm okay!" he yelled, scrambling back up without using his hands, and sprinted off into the mist.

Raph couldn't help it. A small, genuine chuckle escaped his throat. The kid's blind, stupid fanaticism was so painfully familiar. It was exactly like Mikey back when he was obsessed with that washed-up, backstabbing mutant celebrity, Chris Bradford.

"Hey!" Flowey crossed his leaves, glaring up at him. "It's rude to laugh at people, you know!"

Raph just snorted, shaking his head as he stepped out of the grass and approached a glowing, warm star floating just ahead.

*** (A feeling of dread hangs over you...)**

*** (But you stay brave.)**

RAPH — *LV 5*

WATERFALL - HALLWAY

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Great. A new area meant new terrain, and of course... new puzzles.

Raph stopped in front of a wooden sign nailed to the cavern wall, squinting to read the damp, faded writing.

*** When four Bridge Seeds align in the water, they will sprout.**

Raph stared at the floating, glowing seeds bobbing in the dark water, then at the gap he needed to cross. He let out a long, exhausted groan, putting his hands on his hips.

A flower bridge? Seriously? ....a cocky smirk playing on his face *Who needs a bridge? Hah! I'll just swim across.* He took a step toward the water, but stopped dead in his tracks. He looked down at the soft, warm sweater Toriel had lovingly made for him. If he jumped in, the wool would get soaked, heavy, and smell like wet dog for a week. God dammit

With a lot of splashing and a highly unnecessary amount of swearing, Raph shoved the four glowing seeds into a straight line across the water. True to the sign's word, they bloomed into a beautiful, sturdy path of giant blue flowers.

He marched across, grumbling the entire way.

As he ventured deeper, the caverns grew narrower, the bioluminescent plants casting long, dancing shadows against the walls. The sound of dripping water was a constant hum, echoing

off the ancient stones. It was dangerous, sure, but as Raph looked around at the glowing, mystical world, he decided he didn't mind taking his time. It was a hell of a lot better than freezing his shell off in Snowdin.

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After a few minutes of quiet walking, he rounded a corner and found a small, secluded alcove.

Nestled under a gentle trickle of water from the ceiling sat a solitary, dry wooden bench, glowing softly under the light of a nearby Echo Flower. It looked like the perfect place to take a breather.

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